Leaſt that thy loue proue likewiſe variable.
Ro. What ſhall I ſweare by?
Iu. Do not ſweare at all:
Or if thou wilt, ſweare by thy gracious ſelfe,
Which is the god of my Idolatrie,
And Ile beleeue thee.
Ro. If my hearts deare loue.
Iu. Well do not ſweare, although I ioy in thee:
I haue no ioy of this contract to night,
It is too raſh, too vnaduiſd, too ſudden,
Too like the lightning which doth ceaſe to bee,
Ere one can ſay, it lightens, ſweete goodnight:
This bud of loue by Sommers ripening breath,
May proue a bewtious floure when next we meete,
Goodnight, goodnight, as ſweete repoſe and reſt,
Come to thy heart, as that within my breſt.
Ro. O wilt thou leaue me ſo vnſatisfied?
Iuli. What ſatisfaction canſt thou haue to night?
Ro. Th'exchange of thy loues faithful vow for mine.
Iu. I gaue thee mine before thou didſt requeſt it:
And yet I would it were to giue againe.
Ro. Woldſt thou withdraw it, for what purpoſe loue?
Iu. But to be franke and giue it thee againe,
And yet I wiſh but for the thing I haue,
My bountie is as boundleſſe as the ſea,
My loue as deepe, the more I giue to thee
The more I haue, for both are infinite:
I heare ſome noyſe within, deare loue adue:
Anon good nurſe, ſweete *Mountague* be true:
Stay but a little, I will come againe.
Ro. O bleſſed bleſſed night, I am afeard
Being in night, all this is but a dreame,
Too flattering ſweete to be ſubſtantiall.
Iu. Three words deare *Romeo*, & goodnight indeed,
If that thy bent of loue be honourable,
Thy purpoſe marriage, ſend me word to morrow,

By

By one that ile procure to come to thee,
Where and what time thou wilt performe the right,
And all my fortunes at thy foote ile lay,
And follow thee my L. throughout the world.
I come, anon: but if thou meaneſt not well,
I do beſeech thee (by and by I come)
To ceaſe thy ſtrife, and leaue me to my griefe,
To morrow will I ſend.
Ro. So thriue my ſoule.
Iu. A thouſand times goodnight.
Ro. A thouſand times the worſe to want thy light
Loue goes toward loue as ſchooleboyes from their bo
But loue from loue, toward ſchoole with heauie looke

Enter Iuliet *againe.*

Iuli. Hiſt *Romeo* hiſt, ô for a falkners voyce,
To lure this Taſſel gentle back againe,
Bondage is hoarſe, and may not ſpeake aloude,
Elſe would I teare the Caue where Eccho lies,
And make her ayrie tongue more hoarſe, then
With repetition of my *Romeo*.
Ro. It is my ſoule that calls vpon my name.
How ſiluer ſweete, ſound louers tongues by night,
Like ſofteſt muſicke to attending eares.
Iu. Romeo.
Ro. My Neece.
Iu. What a clocke to morrow
Shall I ſend to thee?
Ro. By the houre of nine.
Iu. I will not faile, tis twentie yeare till then,
I haue forgot why I did call thee backe.
Ro. Let me ſtand here till thou remember it.
Iu. I ſhall forget to haue thee ſtill ſtand there,
Remembring how I loue thy companie.
Ro. And Ile ſtill ſtay, to haue thee ſtill forget,
Forgetting any other home but this.
Iu. Tis almoſt morning, I would haue thee gone,
And yet no farther then a wantons bird,